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NEW
POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

BY

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LUCY S. RUGGLES.
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27 Bond Street, New York.

TO CHILDREN,

WHO BLESS THE HEARTS OF THE AGED, AND BRIGHTEN
THE EARTH LIKE SUNBEAMS, THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED BY THE

AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

HE who ascends to the *top* of the Parnassian heights, must have a soul overflowing with the beauty and melody of truth. He will then gather exquisitely tinted flowers, and scatter them joyfully to exhale their fragrance upon the souls of others. He who only reaches the *feet* of the Muses, scarcely daring to gaze up to the sublime heights, may receive a soothing balm for his weariness, and be refreshed by the air of the climate. Those who are able to ascend the mount only *half-way*, may throw a pretty wild flower to a child, and by so doing, may gladden its heart and awaken it to an emotion of beauty, which will grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. Children, when very young, are susceptible to the rythm of poetry. It falls upon their ears like the sweet warbling of birds in Spring, the murmuring of the rivulet, the sighing of the wind, or the sweet music of a mother's voice. The nursery tales, "Old Mother Hubbard," and "Little Jack Horner," touch the hearts and please the ears of many children far more than would the same stories without the aid of rhyme; and though these rhymes are but the crude warbling of a bird despoiled of its wings, they fill with pleasure the tender heart of childhood, by their easy, simple smoothness and jingle, and render it susceptible to the power of unwritten music, and to an appreciation of the silent voice of melody, the sweet whisperings of the soul, that may come in after years, awakening it to the high art of poetic culture.

The simple prayers, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and "Ere on my bed my limbs I lay," composed for infant lips, and falling like the dew of heaven upon infant hearts, have been uttered by millions of innocent voices for ages, and, doubtless, will be for ages to come. They have been productive of more goodness, if not greatness, than the sublime strains of Milton, or the subtle wisdom and wonderful conceptions and utterances of Shakespeare; and when these, long treasured in the hearts and minds of men, shall fade from memory, those simple prayers, with their hallowed associations, shall rise up before the mind like large, illumined texts, giving a bright glow to the dim eye of age, and a peaceful serenity to waning life.

Poetry is the natural language of the powers soonest developed. Feeling and Fancy are the goddesses that preside in the realm of childhood. Children obey their united voice, and yield themselves willingly to their smiling reign, when stern and dignified Reason frightens them with her deep, dismal shadows of the hidden and unrevealed, the "fine-spun philosophy" of research and toil. They will grasp the pretty gem of truth that poetry presents, and entwine around it the tendrils of sweet thoughts and pure aspirations. That poetry is a delightful source of amusement and instruction to children and youth, cannot be successfully controverted.

The poetic temperament in children should be encouraged and cherished, not chilled by indifference or annihilated by ridicule, for it is the opening of the doors of the soul to the spiritual, the infinite; the budding in the heart, of the Heavenly, the immortal, which will ripen into the full and perfect blossom by care and culture, and bear fruit for the world of spirits.

L. S. R.



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NEW POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

THE SPIDER.

BEHOLD the spider in his cell !
How cunningly he weaves !
He sometimes makes his silky nest
Close in among the leaves.

Sometimes he spreads his airy tent
Upon the velvet grass,
Where through a pretty central door
He in and out can pass.

And there he sits and catches flies
Which venture oft too nigh—
The flies for him are dainty meat,
He loves to see them die.

Have you ne'er heard their pleading cries
When they were caught within ?
Nor seen so closely over them
The cruel spider spin ?

Alas ! for them, their doom is sealed
When thus he weaves them fast,
They in their dungeon then must lie,
And look on life their last.

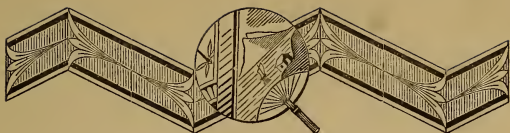
He careth not for rich or poor,
But boldly he will swing
Right through the crevice of a door,
Or palace of a king.

Sometimes he spins his filmy silk
Within the household room ;
And then it quickly falls a prey
To Bridget and the broom.

But very soon he builds again,
He's never in despair,
And tucks his fleecy laces in
The corner of a stair.

He made the first suspension bridge,
Swung it from tree to tree,
Thereon could spiders safely cross
Without a fear or fee.

Perhaps some boy or girl can tell
How Scotland's noble king,
A lesson from the spider learned,
That little hateful thing.



“NEDDIE LOVES THEM SO.”

WHEN bleak November's chilly blast
Was hurling sleet and snow,
And naked branches in the storm
Were bending to and fro,

I saw a little ill-clad boy,
His feet were brown and bare,
His hat almost without a crown—
It covered not his hair.

He had a thoughtful, quiet mien,
Was grave beyond his years,
And in his deep brown eyes, I saw
The trace of many tears.

What takes that little child abroad,
I asked my heart in pain?
Has he come out to ask for alms,
And does he ask in vain?

Then soon he came quite near to me,
Saw pity in my face—
“Pray, lady, lend me twenty cents,”
He said with childish grace.

“I'll give the cents to you, poor boy,
To lend them were no good :
You're very pale and wan, I think
You're needing daily food.”

“Oh, lady, no ! I must not beg,
But Neddie, he’s so low,
Has fever, and he cries for flow’rs,
For Neddie loves them so !

“I wish to buy a bright bouquet,
All sweet with bud and bloom,
And then if Neddie goes away,
He’ll bear it to the tomb.

“You see, I cannot leave him long,
And money’s scarce with me ;
But when he grows quite well and strong,
I’ll come and work for thee.”

“Where do you live ? and who is Ned ?”
“He is my little brother,”
The pale-faced boy now gently said,
“And we two live with mother.”

“Where is your father, little boy ?”
With tearful eyes he sighed—
“Father, two weeks ago, or more,
With this same fever died.

“And then grew sick our little Ned—
Mother oft times will cry—
She sits all night just by his bed,
She fears he too will die.

“I try to nurse him in the day,
When mother sleeps awhile—
Sometimes he thinks we’re out to play,
And he will faintly smile.

"But when the fever's on his brain,
 'Tis then he raves and cries,
 We scarce can hold him on his bed—
 Then calm and still he lies.

"Sometimes he loudly calls for pa,
 And that makes mother cry;
 Two little ones have died before,
 She's only Ned and I.

"To-day he cried for pretty flow'rs;
 'O mother, let me go,'
 I said; 'I'll get him just a few,
 For Neddie loves them so!'

"'You know not what you say, my child,'
 My mother weeping said,
 'In town we have to *pay* for flow'rs—
 We scarce can buy our bread.

"'O if I could I'd fill the room,
 Our Neddie is so good;
 But then you know, my darling child,
 We must have bread and wood.

"'I get no time to sew, you see,
 'Tis little you can do,
 But then potatoes are not dear,
 Enough for me and you.'

"'Tis violets that Neddie loves,
 And pretty rosebuds too;
 O lady, lend me twenty cents,
 That I may buy a few."

“Yes ! yes ! go, buy the flow’rs he loves
For your sick brother Ned,
And may that God who reigns above,
His blessings on you shed.”

“O lady, thanks !”—He ran away,
And soon was lost to sight.
He seemed transformed—a child so gay,
And with an angel’s light.

A few days more—came to my door,
This little boy again ;
His cheeks more hollow than before,
His face so full of pain.

“I came to work, dear lady, now,”
He said, to my surprise ;
I placed my hand upon his head,
And looked into his eyes.

“But tell me of your brother, child,
And of your gentle mother ;”
Through flowing tears, he faintly smiled—
“I have no little brother !

“I bought the flowers—he died that night,
But kept them in his hand ;
He talked of God—our sister too—
He saw the angel band.

“He kept the flowers—all fresh their bloom,
We laid his body low,
And now I’ll plant some on his tomb,
For Neddie loved them so !”



OLD SPECKLED HEN.

HAVE you e'er seen my speckled hen
That stole into a keg,
And after, cackled long and loud,
Because she laid an egg?

This dear old cackling, speckled hen,
Was quiet in her way,
And wisely cackled only when
She laid an egg each day.

But soon she fluttered in and out,
Her feathers all awry;
I wondered what 'twas all about,
And thought she sure would die.

Now, she would cluck, and strut as fine
As any king or queen,
When she came off her nest to dine,
Or getting drink, was seen.

But silently she kept her house,
And lay upon her bed,
As quiet as a churchyard mouse,
And never raised her head.

And when three weeks had rolled around,
A chirping sound I heard,
And, looking in the old keg, there
I saw a yellow bird!

It's little eyes were black and bright,
It cuddled in the nest;
And on its head were spots of brown,—
In softest down 'twas dressed.

Chirp ! chirp ! I searched and saw some more,
The old hen looked knowing ;
I counted them, one ! two ! three ! four !
The cockerel was crowing !

The hen flew out with cluck and clack,
Her ten chicks followed slow ;
The chicks were bright, the hen was proud
As any hen I know.





A RELIC.

AMID the garments laid aside,
That decked a fairy child,
Ere it in earthly beauty died,
Then with the angels smiled,

One little relic chained my view,
More life-like than the rest ;
It was a tiny half-worn shoe
The dimpled foot had pressed.

Methought I saw a cherub form,
In wild and playful glee,
Alike in sunshine and in storm,
Look lovingly at me.

Methought I saw it chase the bees
Among the budding flow'rs ;
Oft gambol with the summer breeze,
And laugh away the hours.

Then saw it climb the grassy hill
That ever was in view,
And there its little apron fill
With violets fresh and blue.

And when the nimble, busy feet
Were tired of roaming free,
It came, with winning smile so sweet,
To climb the parent knee.

And then its prattling voice was heard
In bird-like tones of love,
Which ev'ry feeling heart has stirred,
Like music from above.

And when that little clinging shoe
From off the foot was taken,
The other quickly followed too,
In baby mischief shaken.

But now that form in beauty moulded,
On earth no more will be ;
But in the Saviour's arms 'tis folded,
Blest in eternity.





THE SICK GIRL'S WISH.

THE wild winds swept the lonely street,
Dark clouds were gath'ring fast,
And frozen rain and biting sleet
Were borne upon the blast.

Stern Winter reigned in snowy form,
And bound the earth with frost,
And giant trees amidst the storm
Their branches rudely tossed.

Within a cot quite neat and warm,
An invalid reposed,
And watched the peltings of the storm,
Till day had nearly closed.

A hectic blush was on her cheek,
And Heaven in her eye;
Her voice was low—she strove to speak
Visions that flitted by.

“Mother,” she said, “when will dreary winter be o’er?
I long to ramble in the bright green fields once more.
I love not the snow nor the cold, glittering frost,
Nor the creak of the iced branches by the wild winds
tossed.

How keen is the blast which the howling storm-god
sends,

And my beautiful willow, oh ! see how it bends !
I, once over the ice, down the hills, loved to glide,
With my youthful companions all close by my side.
Then how gaily we shouted and gathered the snow,
And in each other's faces the balls we would throw.

“But, O mother, the spring-time of youth now is o'er,
And the cold, dreary winter, I love it no more !
See how thin are my features, how feeble my form,
And how deeply I feel the keen breath of the storm !
Ah ! how pale is my cheek, and my short, labored
breath

Reminds me, O mother, of the coming of death !
Our bright, glowing fire, it appears cheerful and warm,
But still I feel keenly the cold blast of the storm ;
And the dull, gloomy hours, they pass sadly each day,
As the sunlight of being fades slowly away.

“But, O let me not murmur nor vainly repine,
I know that the doom of the ‘early-called’ is mine,
Yet I would gaze once more on the bright, laughing
earth,

As she smiles in her beauty when the flow'rs come
forth ;

I would list to the music that's borne on the breeze,
To the song of the birds and the hum of the bees ;
O, yes, I would live until the long summer hours
Shall have gladdened the earth with the beautiful
flow'rs ;

Then to yonder bright Heaven I calmly would soar,
Where the full spring-tide of life will never be o'er.”

She had her wish, and calmly lay
On her sick couch the last of May.

“Bring flow’rs ! bring flow’rs ! ye fair young forms,
No more she’ll heed the wintry storms ;
The tide of life is ebbing fast,
And the hour of death will soon be past.
Bring flow’rs ! bring flow’rs ! the bright of earth,
Sweet emblems of her spotless worth !
Let her go to her dreamless rest
With flowers in her fair hand pressed.
Bring flow’rs ! pale flow’rs ! to strew her bier,
Shed not for the early dead a tear.
Bring flow’rs to wreath her marble brow,
The loved one is an angel now !
Bring flow’rs ! fresh flow’rs ! to strew her tomb,
Meet emblems of her early doom.”
And flow’rs were brought at hush of even,—
The fairest one was borne to Heaven.





WHIP-POOR-WILL.

“Whip-poor-will ! whip-poor-will !”

Heard little Rose in the gloaming ;

The words came hurriedly and shrill,

When she in the fields was roaming ;

Then into the house she soon went skipping,

To ask why poor Will wanted a whipping.

“Has he been naughty ?” she asked with dread,

“That he must be whipped and sent to bed ?”

“Whip-poor-will ! whip-poor-will !”

Those words came again—those words only,

The wind was whispering softly and still,

And the world seemed dark and lonely.

“Whip-poor-will ! whip-poor-will !” was still the cry

She heard from the tree tops so tall and high

“What have you done ?” called Rose, as shrill

As the voice that cried, “Whip-poor-will !”

“Whip-poor-will ! whip-poor-will !”

“What do you cry for ?” said little Rose,

And this the thought that came to her still,

“Ah ! cry for a whipping ! I suppose,

That a strange silly fool that thing must be,

To cry for a whipping up there in the tree.”

Then she gravely said with a sigh,

“Ah ! you have been telling a lie !”

“Whip-poor-will ! whip-poor-will !”

She heard till the sound grew weary ;

The evening air was damp and chill,

The dim old wood was lone and dreary.

Ah ! the notes were now so solemn and sad,

She thought the creature began to feel bad,

And in pity she softly said,

“*Why don't you slyly steal to bed !*”





THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

"Mamma, last night as I lay in my bed,
'Twas so dark I nothing could see,
I heard a soft voice, right over my head,
An angel was whisp'ring to me ! "

"The angels, my darling, do not come here,
Their home up in heaven is bright ;
But Bessie, O, Bessie, what makes you think
An angel came here in the night ? "

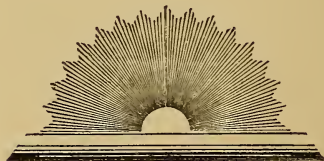
"Mamma, 'twas an angel, I *know* 'twas one !
I'm sure as I ever can be,
An angel was there, just over my bed,
And softly it whispered to me !

"I was so frightened I scarcely dared sigh,
I felt its wings fan me, they were so nigh !
I thought of all I'd done, of all I'd said,
Of how I prayed ere I got into bed ;
'Have I been wicked,' I thought in my heart,
I wished the angel from me would depart !
Still it kept near me, I cannot tell how,
The balm of its breath fell hot on my brow ;
I was afraid, 'twas so dark and so still,
But thought how I played down under the hill,
With Nellie and Kate and little Rose Gray—
'Ah !' said the angel, 'you pushed her away.'
It spoke softly, to my pillow it crept,

And I was so grieved, I lay there and wept.
The angel staid by me, while I bitterly cried,
And thought 'what if Jesus should push *me* aside !'
Still it kept talking—it was still very near :
'To Rose you said roughly, we don't want you here !'
I tried then, mamma, to get out of bed,
The angel hovered again o'er my head.
Mamma, what it said I could not deny,
And I felt that I now surely should die ;
I thought, what if Jesus, the great Judgment day,
Should say to me sharply, 'Get out of the way !'
These are my jewels, Rose, Nellie, and Kate,
They'll enter with me the heavenly gate ;
They're gentle and good—to me very dear,
But Bessie, O Bessie, we don't want *you* here !'
Then I cried, 'O Jesus! forgive me, I pray,
I'll hereafter be kind to little Rose Gray !'
The angel stooped low, placed a kiss on my cheek,
And I was so happy I ventured to speak.
I heard no more whispers, but sleepy I grew,
And dreamed, O mamma, that the angel was you !
But yet I know that it came from above,
To tell me all beings I truly must love.
When I think how the angel whisp'ring stood,
I know, mamma, I shall try to be good."

Bessie loved Rose from that memorable night,
And never was weary to have her in sight.
So the days glided by, but Rosy grew ill,
And never played more at the foot of the hill !
When summer was o'er and the frost-king was near,
Then Little Rose Gray lay asleep on her bier ;
And the message was borne to Bessie in bed,
By the mother who loved her, "Rosy is dead !"

Bessie was grieved, but 'mid her fast flowing tears,
Spoke of the angels, of her hopes and her fears,
Of how Jesus once lay in the cold, dark grave,
But burst it asunder—almighty to save!
And then she said softly, while turning away,
“O, mamma, I shall never forget this day!
And I'm so glad, now Rose is under the sod,
I heard the sweet angel that came down from God.”





THE KITTEN.

"KITTY ! kitty ! come and play !"
Said a little girl one day.
Kitty's fur was soft as silk,
And 'neath her chin white as milk.

Kitty frolicked as she ran,
To catch her tail soon began ;
Round and round, now she did whirl,
And it pleased the little girl.

Up she bounced, and down she fell !
All her antics who can tell !
Softly, softly, she would creep,
Swift as lightning, she would leap.

She would even catch a chip,
Over the floor with it skip ;
While you laughed to see her play,
She would jump and run away.

And when kitty caught a mouse,
There was pleasure in the house ;
" See her watch it ! see her play !
Now it tries to run away."

" Oh ! now its gone ! see her smell !"
" Little mousie, fare thee well !"
" Ah ! there it is !" off she goes,
Thrusting here and there her nose.

“ Ah ! she’s caught it in her paws,
Now to tremble, it has cause ;
But she only gives a pat ;
“ Little mousie, now take that.”

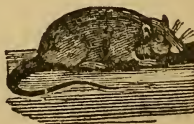
It lies still—“ Now ! see it run !”
Kitty jumps to watch the fun,
Harshly grabs it with her jaws,
Pricks it with her pointed claws.

“ See it tremble ! hear it squeak !
Ah ! its anguish, who can speak !”
“ Little trembler, death is near,
Poor thing ! how you quake and fear !

Mousie, mousie, you must die !
Let me say to you, good-bye !”
But she puts it on the floor,—
Fast it runs behind the door.

“ There it goes ! it’s out of sight”—
Kitty springs with all her might,
But the frolic now is o’er ;
Kitty sees the mouse no more.

Yes ! the fun is over now—
See the shade on kitty’s brow ;
Supperless she goes to bed,
On no mouse has she been fed.





THE CRICKET.

ALAS ! little Cricket,
To me 'tis very plain,
Of your harsh, rasping voice,
You are very, very vain.

You keep it a-going
In fair weather or foul,
So squeaking and scraping,
It makes ev'ry one scowl.

And you chirp, croak, or sing,
With such jerks and hitches,
It seems just like knitting
And dropping the stitches.

Your voice is so broken,
And your music so coarse,
That oft I have spoken
And said, " Cricket is hoarse."

A fine squeak at both ends,
A croak in the middle—
Ah ! it sounds very much
Like an old cracked fiddle !

Yes ! and that makes me think
Of what some people say,
It is on a fiddle
That you constantly play !

'Tis a fiddle so queer
That your legs are the bow,
Your body the surface
Which they rub to and fro !

And you play through the night,
Often under the hearth ;
Your music is mournful,
It awakens no mirth.

Old Cricket, be wiser,
And don't you fiddle so,
All through the long night
Without *oiling your bow* !





KATYDID.

“Katydid ! Katydid !”
“No ! Katy didn’t !” said little Grace,
“I contradict you to your face—
 Why do you tell such things
 And talk so long and loud ?
I do not see your wings,
 But think you must be proud.”

“Katydid ! Katydid !”
“O tell me then and tell me true,
What was it Katy did to you ?
 Is she a naughty child,
 And you her deeds would tell,
In tones so clear and wild,
 They have a mystic spell ?”

“Katydid ! Katydid !”
“O tell me what has Katy done,
Or are you talking just for fun ?
 Has she been cross and cold,
 I’d make her if I could,
If she were not too old,
 To be hereafter good.”

“ Katydid ! Katydid ! ”
“ O say what Katy do you mean ?
I know a Katy nice and clean,
And sweet as any rose !
When you say, ‘ Katy did,’
I cannot once suppose,
That you mean Katy Tidd ! ”

“ Katydid ! Katydid ! ”
“ What if she did ! you will not tell
What Katy did, if ill or well,
So, silly thing, be still !
If that is all you know,
Pray tell me why you will
Talk about Katy so ! ”





THE ANGEL'S VISIT TO THE MOTHERLESS.

ONE night on my couch, sad and pensive I lay,
And pondered the scenes of the past joyless day,
While bewildering fancies crowded so fast,
The present was blended with shades of the past.
My spirit grew languid, then sank to its rest,
Deep slumber my eyelids soon heavily pressed,
When lo! a bright form, 'twas an angel's of light,
Appeared in the gloom, in the darkness of night.
It bent o'er my brow with the wings of a dove,
And whispered me softly in accents of love:

"Thy mother is waiting—come! haste thee, and fly
To thy dear mother's home in yonder bright sky;
She's sent thee an angel, in shade of whose wing
You'll pass through the valley and joyfully sing."

I gazed on the form with unspeakable bliss,
Already I felt my dear mother's warm kiss!
I felt that again I should sleep on her breast,
And in her fond arms should be tenderly pressed.
I said to the angel: "A little while wait,
I cannot yet enter the heavenly gate."
The angel then vanished, and other forms rose
To win my affection, to deepen repose.
I sighed not for Heaven, I felt it on earth,
'Twas the fervor of love—in Heaven its birth;
But friendship is fickle and clouded with woe,
Earthly streams of affection turbidly flow;
I raised my eye upward to Bethlehem's Star,
And the angel beckoned again from afar.

Again it came near, sweetly bent o'er me now,
And with its soft wings fanned my faint, weary brow,
"Come! haste thee!" it whispered, "O fear not the
tomb,

The love of thy Saviour 'll dispel the thick gloom."

Then o'er me its pinions were tenderly flung,

It gently caressed me and joyously sung.

I listened with rapture, for sweet was the song,

A thousand clear voices the strain did prolong,

Then said to the angel, "I'm ready, and see!

My own dearest mother, I'm coming to thee."





THE TOAD.

I've heard a song about the frogs,
And bees with pretty wings,
And what a very pleasant note
The little robin sings.

But oh ! no poet ever yet
Has greatly praised the toad,
Oft seated on his haunches,
A winking in the road !

He's neither tall nor stately,
And he looks very old ;
His skin all wrinkled, tough and brown—
It keeps out wet and cold.

He's very strange, coarse and ugly,
And surely very odd ;
He sets all the children laughing
When he leaps o'er the sod.

But the old toad is quite friendly,
And he seems very wise,
Coming out from the old door-stone
To catch the little flies.

He has a tongue like a needle,
So slender and so thin ;
But there's only few have seen it,
So quick he draws it in.

And now, dear children, one and all
I'll give a load of wood
To all pretty wee ones that see
The long tongue of a toad !

The old fellow's very quiet,
But hops about the farm ;
He eats the bugs for his diet,
And never does folks harm.

Did you, little friends, ever look
At his bright, cunning eyes,
With which he sees, through all the night,
To catch mosquito-flies ?

The toad's very, very useful,
Of him don't be afraid ;
And *never* at him throw a stone—
Let him sleep in the shade.

O, when you see the fat old toad,
Remember, it is said
(But only of a *living* toad),
A jewel's in his head !



LEARNING TO SEW.

“O, mamma, let me play,
Of work I am tired,
Do let me quit sewing,
As I have desired.

“You so often rip out
All that I have done;
’Tis of no use, to sew,
None under the sun!

“Mamma, don’t rip that seam,
I can’t sew it more!
I never can please you,
I knew it before!”

But the mother was firm,
Her Annie must sew,
And take the short stitches
Along in a row.

Ev’ry long, crooked stitch
The mother ripped out,
While fair Annie’s red lips
Stuck out in a pout.

“O, mamma, let me play
Out under the tree;
Could I have the whole day,
How happy I’d be!”

“You may have it, my child,
To do as you please,
Only don't come to me
To worry and tease.”

Annie played a long time,
As blithe as a lark;
But grew very weary
Before it was dark,

And asked for her sewing,
She was tired of play;
She was not even pleased
Having her own way.

She put in the stitches,
They came out once more;
Mamma made her do it
As nice as before.

But more patient she grew,
And counted the threads;
As fine was her sewing
As hair of your heads.

To a woman she's grown,
And proud as can be,
That rents she has mended
You never can see.





FOOD FOR BABES.

Ye children, be gay,
Enjoy innocent fun;
'Tis right you should play
When your life's just begun.

But you should be kind,
And your parents obey,
If them you do mind,
You will not go astray.

Be good while you may,
'Tis a message from Heaven;
Do good day by day,
A commandment that's given.

Feed a little bird,
Or give a simple flower,
Drop a gentle word,
A small but well-meant dower.

Let your little cat
In happy purring tell,
From your hand a pat—
It very gently fell.

Let the crumbs that are
The food you do not need,

Be all scattered where
They will a chicken feed.

Let the little feet,
So busy all the day,
Be quite clean and neat,
When in the house you play.

Let the little hand
A playmate never strike,
And the lips so bland
Never pout in dislike.

Let them never take
God's holy name in vain,
And words never speak
To give another pain.

Let the little eye,
That sparkles so with glee,
Moisten at the cry
Of want and misery.

Let the little face
That doth so brightly glow
With such winning grace,
It makes us love you so,

Let it never smile
Upon a deed that's wrong,
Ever free from guile,
Let there the truth be strong.

Let the little heart
Early to God be given,
Never bear a part
Wrong in the sight of Heaven.



JUNE BUGS.

“AH! little girls, so young and sweet,
Come running here to me!
I love to task your flying feet—
There’s something here to see.

Behold this little shining bug,
Now resting in the sun!
It was not many days ago,
Its little life begun.

I’m told they call it ‘lady-bug’,
But why I cannot tell;
Clarissa, climb upon that rock,
You then can see it well.”

“Why, ’tis a June bug!” Mary said,
“I’ve seen it in my play,
When all the days are hot and long—
And then it goes away.

“And I have seen some naughty boys,
Who tied it with a string,
And running to the girls, would say,
‘Come, hear a June bug sing!’

“ Oh ! it has often made me weep
To hear its cries of pain,
And I have begged the cruel boys,
To let it go again.

“ I know 'tis very wrong indeed,
To hurt an insect so,
And boys who love to torture bugs,
Will oft *more* wicked grow.”

“ Ah ! Mary, you are right, my child !
Such boys will come to grief;
Better to be a bug than one
Of them, is my belief !”





GOING TO SCHOOL.

"OH, dear! just hear! there goes the bell!"

"Where are my books?" "I cannot tell."

"Here are my arithmetic and slate!

Mother, I fear I shall be late!"

"Well! twice I told you to prepare,

That you might be in season there;

But you will always take your ease,

In short, will do just as you please.

'Breakfast's ready!' I three times said,

Before you'd leave your downy bed;

Then, dressing, you're in such a hurry,

You get yourself all in a flurry!

Your father frowns to see you lazy,

And, as for me, I'm nearly crazy!

'Tis noise and bustle all the time,

From five o'clock till nearly nine.

The school-bell rings, and then you fret,

And get us all half in a pet;

To find your things we all must look"—

"O ma, I've found my Latin book!"

"I wish you'd put them all away,

Your books and work, before you play,

Then to find them you'd be able—

There's your satchel on the table!"

"I'll miss my grammar, get a mark,

And not be home till nearly dark!

I wish there's no such thing as school!"
"Why, would you, daughter, be a fool?
Your apron's soiled, go, change it, Kate,
You must be clean, although you're late.
Now, hasten on, don't stop to play
And gather pebbles by the way."
She filled her satchel with her books,
And hurried out with sullen looks;
Indeed, she felt inclined to cry,
And never told her ma "good-bye!"
She walked along—soon she espied
Her little kitten by her side.
"Kitty, go home! straight to the house!
Kitty, go back, and catch a mouse!"
But pussy did not hear or heed,
And looking up did silent plead,
And rubbed her fur beside of Kate,
Who quite forgot that she was late,
And, stooping down, she stroked her head,
Heard kitty purr, as if she said:
"I'll sing to you a pleasant song,
And make you happy all day long."
Again she started—kitty played
And frolicked on beside the maid;
But soon they had to cross a brook,
Kitty this side and that did look;
But stepping on the stones they crossed,
The tops were white with early frost;
Then soon some minnows they espied,
Darting and sporting side by side,
And wistfully did kitty look
Deep down into the babbling brook.
"Kitty, I see you want some fish,
I think it is a wholesome dish,

And I will try to catch you one,
I'm sure 'twill be delightful fun."
So Kate thrust in her little hand,
Yet nothing got but dirt and sand,
And from her satchel fell a book
Down deep into the bubbling brook !
"There ! see my book ! oh dear ! oh dear !
I'll get a scolding now, I fear."
She looked around, then got a branch,
And in the water it did launch ;
It caught the book, she wished no more,
And drew it safely to the shore.
"It is my grammar ! mercy ! me !
All dripping wet as it can be !
My lesson now I cannot find,
To let it go I have a mind ;
But, no ; I'll take it all the way,
And on my desk it then may lay ;
Perhaps in time it will be dry—
'Tis of no use to fret and cry."
Demurely now she walked along,
Nor heard the little robin's song,
That, perched upon a chestnut tree,
There sang as blithe as blithe can be ;
Kitty now frolicked, skipped and purred,
But Kate did utter not a word ;
And when they reached the little spot,
Known as the pretty school-house lot,
Then kitty walked into the school,
Which was against the teacher's rule.
The children laughed and snickered well,
And whispered, "Did she come to spell ?"
But kitty went to Katie's seat,
And snuggled down at Katie's feet ;

But still the children laughed with glee,
When they the kitten there did see ;
And so the teacher put her out,
While pussy mewed and made a rout ;
The teacher caught her, shut the door,
That she might enter there no more.
“ The class in grammar may recite !
Ellen, your place is on the right.
Now, all you children look this way !
‘ The idle scholar loves to play.’
‘ Play ’ you may parse, Miss Hattie Drew,
Don’t know it ? then it comes to you,
Miss Nettie. Can you parse it child ? ”
Nettie looked up and sweetly smiled.
“ Play ’s a verb, infinitive mood,”
“ So far,” the teacher said, “ is good.”
But Nettie could no farther go,
For she the lesson did not know.
“ Governed by loves,” another said,
And then she went up to the head.
“ Why, Kate, look over—where’s your book ? ”
“ O ma’am it fell into the brook ! ”
“ You stopped to play then, I am sure !
Such carelessness I can’t endure.
There’s something wrong—you’re always late—
’Twill never do, I’ve told you, Kate.
If you don’t change your ways at once,
I’m much afraid you’ll be a dunce ! ”
To Katie’s eyes there sprang a tear,
“ I’m scolded there, and scolded here ! ”
Then at her teacher she did fret,
Her own strong will ’gainst hers did set.
“ I do not care—you’re always cross,
To stay at home would be no loss ! ”

The children stared, the teacher frowned,
And turned her eyes full on the ground.
With firm resolve and purpose high,
With starting tear and rising sigh,
She by the arm now Katie took,
To stand by her and use her book ;
But Katie then, with pout and frown,
Snatched at the book and threw it down !
Said teacher, mild, judicious, too,
“ Take up the book—that will not do ! ”
But Katie, stubborn, wicked, cross,
This side and that her head did toss ;
“ Get it yourself, now, if you choose,
The book ’s not mine to hold or lose !
“ You are too pert ! Obey me, Kate,
Do it you will full soon or late.”
Still Kate did pout and fret and cry,
And said aloud, she’d sooner die !
“ O child, that’s idle, wicked talk,
And to the book you’ll surely walk ! ”
Passing her arm around Kate’s waist,
She led her to the book in haste :
“ Now, take it up—I’ve waited long,
My will, as yours, is firm and strong.
It must be done ! by candle-light
You’ll stay through all the hours of night,
Unless obedience you will lend
To one who’s been your faithful friend.”
A moment more—the spirit proud,
Before the teacher meekly bowed,
And taking up the well-known book,
Kate gave it her with pleasant look.
The teacher smiled, stretched forth her hand,
While Kate, ashamed, did waiting stand.

"The class is through, I've kept you late—
'Tis after ten—subduing Kate.
The class to spell may now appear!
What is the word?" "'Tis mountaineer."
"Hold up your heads! and speak quite loud,
You can't be heard with faces bowed.
Don't drawl the letters—spell it quick!
You mumble so you make me sick!
The next, 'discover,' you may spell,—
Now, what you say I cannot tell!
Speak louder, dear, and spell your word
In such a tone as can be heard.
Buzz! buzz! be still, and let me hear!
Julia McClung, spell 'interfere.'"
"I cannot spell, my book was *tored*!"
"At recess, ma'am, Lavinie *swored*!"
"Oh! I am shocked! what did she say?
Mollie Brewer, turn round this way."
"She said, *I snum*! Lavinie did!"
Then in her hands her face she hid.
"Such words, my dears, should not be used,
I hate to hear our tongue abused!
They are not elegant, refined,
And don't you use them, children, mind!
To swearing certainly they're kin,
Lackeys to let the monster in."
"I did not say it! she told a lie!"
Lavinie said, and 'gan to cry.
"Hush! hush! enough!" the teacher said,
And on the desk her book she laid.
"Now, take your seats and study well,
Or else you'll never learn to spell."
A class in reading forward came:
"Come with them, dear—pray what's your
name?"

"Bettie A. J.—they call me Jane,
And then my other name is Lane."

"Stand up and read, and I will see
Where is the place for you to be."

She read along, quite slow, indeed,
For to the words she gave good heed;
But soon found one she could not tell.

"Can't tell it, Jane? Then stop and spell."
She to herself did what was told:

"'Tis belly-board!" with accent bold!

"'Belabored,' child!" the teacher said,

"O, Jane, what nonsense you have made!"

Then soon a "cat's trough" met her ear:

"That word's 'catastrophe' my dear."

Again, was read, "He jumped a ditch,

Then dismounted his 'orse to 'itch!"

"His horse to hitch! h has a sound,
That is not lost in depths profound."

Then soon Amanda rose to ask
Some help in her appointed task.

"Please, tell me how to parse this word—
I'm sure it cannot be a verb."

"'Pleasures?—a noun, in number plural—
Don't you see 'tis 'pleasures rural.'"

But English grammar is not all,

For help in Latin, too, they call.

With whining tone, and eyes cast down,

Says one, who makes the teacher frown,

"My lesson here is *hard's a brick!*"

Please, tell me what to do with *hic?*"

"Hard as what? what slang met my ear?"

Such phrases do not use, my dear."

Here's '*facere*,' which means 'to do,'

But how shall I *this* word construe?"

"It is a noun, vocative case !
And now your class may take its place."
When 'twas over, the teacher rose :
"The exercises now will close ;"
The morning lessons all are through—
'Tis recess now—be back at two."
Again at two they all do meet,
With beaming eyes and busy feet ;
The teacher there doth waiting stand,
With looks of love and self-command ;
When little Annie goes quite near,
Then hangs her head in shame or fear.
"What will you have, my little pet ?
Did you again your book forget ?"
"Here, ma'am's some flowers I brought for you,
They're very sweet and pretty, too ;
And will you have some birthday cake,
Mamma for me did kindly make ?
I wish that day'd come every week,"
Lisp'd little Ann, with dimpled cheek ;
But then her dear mamma had said
She much preferred a year instead.
"That's quite too much ! I thank you, child !"
The rosy lips now sweetly smiled,
And happy in her quiet grace,
Anna went back and took her place.
"Ma'am, *Piggie* Smith's calling me names !"
"Where is Richmond ?" "'Tis on the James ;
That's in old Virginia State,
An ancient river, grand and great."
"O, ma'am, do make Rebecca quit !
She's scattering papers where I sit."
"*Piggie* Smith *wont* let me alone !
I'm sure she's to a *hoggie* grown !

She is too long and fat and big,
Now longer to be called a *pig* ! ”
“ You call her what ? ” the teacher cries,
Repeating “ *Piggie* ” in surprise.
“ Why, ev’rybody calls her so !
It is her *darling* name, you know.”
The teacher heard, but thought it strange
That such pet names had met no change.”
“ Your ‘ compositions ’ you may read,
And, Mollie Brown, you take the lead.”
“ *The Rose*.—’Tis very sweet, indeed,
It grows from roots and not from seed.
Roses are large, and red, and white,
And very pretty to the sight.
I can’t write more about the ‘ Rose,’
So I’ll my ‘ composition ’ close ! ”
“ The next may read, Miss Ellen Bruce,
To hang your head it is no use.
Read in a tone that’s loud and clear,
Then much better you will appear.”
“ *Insects* : ” she named, then tried to laugh,
Bet whispered, “ Pray, don’t be a calf ! ”
The teacher called : “ No more delay ! ”
And Ellen then went on to say :
“ Of all the ‘ Insects,’ great and small,
The *whale*’s the largest of them all ! ”
A peal of laughter met her ear,
She looked around, it seemed so queer !
“ An *insect whale* ! indeed, my child !
Your brain is surely running wild ! ”
She then to her explained the term,
From flying wasp to crawling worm.
“ *Education*. ”—The next one said,
The children listened while she read :

“ Education is a good thing ;
It teaches us to work and sing !
’Tis better far than land or gold,
It yieldeth interest seven-fold !
The greatest thing beneath the sun !
Without it we are all undone ! ”

“ That will do ; now bring them to me,
That I their merits all may see.

Now, put your books and things away,
We’re through the duties of to-day ;
Duties of school, you know, I mean,
Duties at home are often seen,
And these, my dears, you must fulfill—
Indeed, I think you always will.

You must be kind, and love each other,
Assist your father and your mother ;

And you must always them obey,
Be ever mindful what they say ;

To all strangers courteous, kind,
With manners gentle and refined ;

To the aged deference pay,
And scatter flowers along their way.

When on your beds your limbs you lay,

You, children, then your prayers should say.

Pray God to keep you in his love,

To lift your hopes and thoughts above ;

That He your friends will guide and bless,

Through life’s long, weary wilderness ;

And when the scenes of time are o’er,

Take them and you to Canaan’s shore,

Where, in the golden streets above,

You all may bask in Jesus’ love.”



“I’M GOING, MA, TO HEAVEN.”

A little girl, who had lain several hours in a spasm, suddenly raised her eyes and said, “I’m going, ma, to Heaven.” Immediately after, her spirit passed to the eternal world.

A GLEAM of sunshine in its home,
A child now chased the bees,
Now careless plucked the budding flow’rs,
Now gambolled with the breeze.

Its merry laugh was heard afar,
Its wild and playful glee,
And many loving hearts rejoiced
That happy child to see.

Oh ! who would check a child’s sweet mirth,
Or o’er it cast one gloom,
That years may gather in its path,
Where now the flow’rets bloom ?

Its gentle voice, ’twas sweet to hear,
In bird-like tones of love,
In joyous innocence it seemed
An angel from above.

But Death now sought a shining mark,
And set his impress there ;
The mother mourned in wretchedness,
For hope became despair.

For many long and weary hours,
In languor and in pain,
Unconscious of life's closing scene,
The child had speechless lain.

The lips were seen no more to smile,
Half-closed the glazing eye,
No human skill can lengthen life.
The child, alas, must die !

Friends gather round its little couch
To watch its fleeting breath,
Its little pulseless hands are clenched,
Its teeth are set in death.

Now from that face a gleam of love,
A bright and sparkling ray,
Breaks through the silent gloom around
As night lets in the day.

The dying eyes are raised in joy,
A radiant look is given,
The mother hears its sweet, calm voice
"I'm going, ma, to Heaven."

And on the wings of seraphs borne
Upheld by faith and prayer,
As utterance gently died away
The spirit entered the





BUTTERCUPS.

AN ! little buttercup,
How yellow you be !
And shiny as satin,
We all of us see.

You grow by the wayside,
And close at the door
Of small hut or cottage,
To greet the lone poor.

Out early in springtime,
When beauties are rare,
When snow 's in the hollow,
A chill in the air.

Then your leaves are so green,
So yellow your head,
We think 'tis a color,
As pretty as red !

We have oft with you played,
And thought it no sin,
To have your bright flowers
Held up to our chin.

We laughed and were merry,
All in a flutter,
As some dear one asked us,
“Do you love butter?”

The gold was reflected—
Quite yellow our skin,
When she held buttercups
Close under our chin.

Ah ! sweet, happy springtime,
How pretty your flowers !
And lovelier than they,
Are youth's golden hours.





TOWSER.

DID ever you see my beautiful dog?

A splendid Newfoundland is he—
I love to look in his dark, liquid eyes,
Whene'er he comes fawning to me.

When but a child, I fell in the water,
My dog pulled me out of the sea;
And now, the world has no son or daughter,
That's dearer than Towser to me.

Once I came near being tossed by a bull,
The dog saw my peril, and flew
Like the wind, at the enraged creature's head,
Till they both were far from my view.

My mother's joy was not greater than his
To see me alive and quite well;
Ah! Towser and I will ever be friends,
For his worth I never can tell.

My dog, my beautiful Towser, I love,
Twice I owe my life to his care—
To him I always intend to be good,
For his virtues, precious and rare.

Ah! what friend to me more faithful has been?
Think you his affection can fail?
Talk of your treasure!—it never can buy
The welcoming wag of his tail!



A RIDDLE.

IN no one thing can I be found,
And yet in many miles around,
I take the lead in all that's mean,
But not in sight have ever been.
I'm only one, entire, complete,
In me a thousand you may meet !
Millions do follow my command,
With enemies I boldly stand,
In secret places never hide,
Nor in the ocean vast and wide,
Nor in the sky do I appear,
Nor do I tremble in a tear.
Beside the mourner, I am there,
In martial music have a share,
Am never heard in sigh or song,
And never bear a part in wrong.
I with the loving sunbeams glance
Where maidens in the shadows dance,
Oft with the mermaids gently play
Amid the foam of ocean spray,
But never in the briny deep
Can I be seen to watch or weep.
I in the churchyard never go,
Am never found in joy or woe,
Am in no sect, or creed, or plan,
But mercy show to fallen man ;
Yet with the Saviour have no tie,
On earth was born, on earth must die ;
With myriads of cherubim I dwell,
But not in heaven, earth, or hell.



THE SUN.

GLORIOUS is my theme,
The majestic sun,
Around which in order
The planets all run.

It is the rich sunlight,
That gleams on the wall,
That smiles in the cottage,
And plays in the hall.

The glad, joyous sunlight
The east adorning,
With bright curtains of gold
In the pale morning.

It tints faintly the clouds
With soft golden ray,
They roll back their edges
And let in the day.

Then, higher it rises,
Envelopes the moon,
The sky it baptizes
In splendors of noon.

It shines in the winter,
When nature is cold,
Then it breathes on the ice,
And breaks its strong hold.

The bright waters sparkle
In streamlet and brook,
They dance off in gladness
To some quiet nook.

The hill-tops are brightened,
When touched by its rays,
And sad hearts are lightened,
By its soft, gentle gaze.

It shines on the meadows,
And straightway out-peep
The pansies and daisies,
From long winter sleep.

Then insects float lightly
On gossamer wing,
The cricket chirps nightly,
To hail the new Spring.

The birds warble sweetly
In Summer's embrace,
And Nature looks lovely
In warmth of its face.

It calls forth the showers
To moisten the earth,
Vegetation is brighter,
The roses have birth.

It smiles in the rain-drop—
What wonder is here !
A thing of rare beauty—
Its blush and its tear.

The faint color deepens—
How sudden its birth,
Like the blush of woman,
Then touches the earth.

The Sun is an artist—
How skillful and true,
He paints in bright pictures,
The landscape we view !

He colors the rainbow,
The sky and the earth ;
He beautifies all things,
The moment of birth.

The Sun is a lawyer—
Ah ! beat him who can !
With the Wind he once argued
For the cloak of a man.

And the case—he gained it,
As all may suppose ;
The Wind—he was baffled,
Though fiercely he rose.

The latter stormed boldly
In eloquent wrath,
But the man hugged his cloak
And kept on his path.

The Sun was persuasive,
So gentle and mild,
That he got the man's cloak
With the grace of a child.

So moralists tell us
That love will prevail,
When anger and passion
As surely will fail.

The Sun is a doctor—
He'll cure us of pain
When Æsculapius' drugs
Are useless and vain.

He breathes on the sick one
And breaks his repose ;
He draws out new vigor
Like leaves from a rose.

The Sun is a preacher—
No sermon more rich
Than the light of his smile
That beams in a ditch.

And our modern divines
Of this age and the next,
Will preach with more power
If a sunbeam's the text.

The Sun of Righteousness
Held up to the view,
Melts the hearts of sinners,
Creates them anew.

O spread the grand theme
From the zone to the pole,
Till the sunbeam of faith
Shall shine in each souk.

It will fall on the heart
With light from above,
Pierce the hard, flinty rock,
This sunbeam of love.

Oft the sunbeam of hope
Breaks through fleshy bars,
Helps souls to soar upward,
Beyond the pale stars.

The sunbeam, charity,
Will cover much sin
In hearts of the pious,
Who others would win.

The Sun is impartial,
He preaches to all,
The poorest of beggars,
The king in his hall.

He makes no distinctions,
He cares not for wealth,
He'd give to all people
The blessings of health.

He scatters rich favors
Wherever he goes,
Would give to all nations,
A balm for their woes.

And now, my sweet maiden,
I'll whisper to you,
Of this wonderful sun
A picture I drew.

The Sun is a lover—
He smiles on the fair,
And they greet the brave king
Who rides on the air.

They pray for his presence,
And bask in his love ;
They cling to him fondly,
As true as the dove.

He gives so much pleasure,
They're grateful to him ;
Ah ! how soon without him,
Their eyes would be dim !

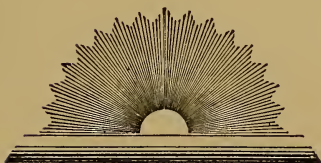
Their glad hearts would grow sad,
For smiles they would pine,
Their fair brows would be dark,
The Sun does not shine.

Sometimes, when he withdraws
In darkness of night,
There's the semblance of death
In faces once bright.

A wonderful lover
This glorious Sun,
The girls would all have him,
Reject him not one.

And steadily, sweetly,
He smiles on them all,
The humblest, the proudest,
And gives them a call.

But still he walks lonely,
Not *spotless* his name,
The great monarch only
That cares not for fame.





BABY SISTER.

I've a baby sister,
A wee thing and simple ;
There's a dent in her cheek,
They call it a dimple.

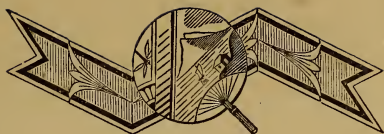
She has a little hand
Doubled up in a fist,
And a red, rosy mouth,
Sweet enough to be kissed.

Her face, like an apple
That is well baked and sweet,
Looks soft, red and wrinkled,
So do her tiny feet.

Mamma says I must love
This queer little stranger,
And when she runs about,
Keep her out of danger.

I don't need a sister !
She's only in the way ;
So don't bring another
Here, good doctor, I pray !





THE KEY AND THE JEWEL.

A jewel is mine—would you know its expense ?
Ah ! think not to reckon in dollars and cents !
It cannot be bought, and can never be sold,
So put up your silver, your greenbacks and gold.
The jewel was given one beautiful morn,
'Twas a gift I received when first I was born.
The Lord of a mansion all dazzling with gold,
Too brilliant and rich for the eye to behold—
He gave it, and the gem He sent not alone,
But with it, yes, with it, the key to his throne.
He meant me to hold it a gift from His hand,
This jewel of beauty that filled the whole land !
How oft when I turned it, its glory would shine,
One little ray—that, and that only—was mine ;
The sun made it bright, and the darkness unrolled
Rich gleams of its splendor by tongue never told.
How freely I wasted, but still called it mine—
The Lord of the mansion for me let it shine.
How heedless and careless and tall I had grown,
Before I examined the key to the throne ;
Then I found by this key, the jewel was lent,
This jewel the Lord of the mansion had sent,
That more precious it was than silver or gold,
Could never be bought and could never be sold.
'Twas long ere I prized it as prize it I should—
When carelessly wasted, it did one no good.
When one ray departed, another would shine
So constant, I thought it forever was mine ;

But ah ! where the ray went I never could tell,
Whether on earth, air, or in ocean it fell,
But finally reached to the mansion above,
And carried its message of sin or of love.
Oft I have thought if I the ray could recall,
How diff'rent the message it there should let fall !
The key to the throne, you most clearly will see,
Shows how strangely the gem may influence me,
And if I'm asleep it may softly roll by
And wake me, perchance, in the mansion on high,
Or place me where sorrow forever will dwell,
As fearfully it rings its own fun'ral knell.
If rightly I use it and never abuse,
The way to the mansion I never may lose.
The key to the throne bears the name of the prince
Who opened it once, and has opened it since.
This wonderful key bears the impress of love
The prince brought to us from the mansion above ;
Only through Him can I go up to the throne,
When the jewel is shown by which I am known.
He only, can clothe me in garments so white
That with Him I may dwell in mansions of light,
Near the throne of his Father, He'll then let me
 kneel,
While angels and seraphs God's glory reveal.





LITTLE ELLIE.

“ O hark ! I hear of little feet a sound—
Patter, patter on the floor,
That makes my heart to leap with sudden bound,
Now it comes quite near my door.

“ I see two black and laughing, merry eyes
Peeping through the crevice there,
Then hear a bird-like voice in mock surprise—
‘ Where is Ellie—tell me—where ? ’

“ Again those little twinkling eyes I see,
Gazing, laughing as before,
And now they’re glancing roguishly at me,
Now they hide behind the door.

“ I see two little parted, ruby lips,
And two little rows of pearl,
As playful now around me hides and skips
Oft my little cherub girl.

“ O could a happier, lovelier face
E’en the brightest angels wear,
Or could imagination vivid trace
Aught so sweet, so strangely fair ?

“Now rising toward the door I fondly run,
Try to catch the little sprite,
But wildly laughing, chuckling at the fun—
See! she runs with all her might.

“I have her! faintly struggling to be free,
Little dimpled hand in mine,
She gently strikes and then caresses me,
Round my neck her arms entwine.

“The shadows falling, falling on the grass,
Faintly mark the sun’s decline,
And the twittering swallows onward pass
To their nests high o’er the vine.

“And then the little, weary, curly head
Droops so gently on my breast,
While doth the sable night her mantle spread,
That it seems an angel’s rest.

“And then a fervent, humble, earnest prayer
From my heart ascends on high,
‘O Father, thou who dost with watchful care,
Feed the ravens when they cry,’

“Whatever tempests o’er *my* path may roll,
Or o’er *me* break in terror wild,
O in thy gracious arms will Thou enfold,
From sin and danger keep my child.”



THE CHILDREN'S ORATOR.

I HEARD an aged man, a man of care—
His face was pale, and silvered was his hair,
His voice was tremulous, but calm and sweet,
He long had worshipped at the Saviour's feet ;
He had not knowledge that is taught in schools,
And knew not rhetoric, its laws and rules,
But taught of God, his voice was prayer and praise,
While health did crown the measure of his days.
To little children he was good and kind,
Plain in his speech and humble in his mind—
I've seen him seat them silently in line,
And teach them often from God's book divine ;
Its blessed truths fell meekly from his tongue,
It seemed that he again was fresh and young ;
So sweet and simple, gentle was his strain,
The children looked and listened, looked again,
With him they smiled at pleasant things he said,
Then soon with him the melting tear was shed,
As he now talked of One who for them died,
And named the cruel spear that pierced his side,
How little children he had once caressed,
And kindly took them in his arms and blessed,
When men would them have pushed far off, aside,
Or yet, perchance, they them would scold or chide.
He'd talk to them of cats, of chickens too,
Of anything the children loved or knew,

And then with beaming eye and tone of awe,
He would some precious, touching moral draw,
Or quote the Saviour's words and deeds of love,
His hands and face raised rev'rently above,
The children following his look on high,
With quiv'ring, sobbing lip and tear-stained eye ;
Now o'er Jerusalem with Christ they weep,
Now with the winds and waves are lulled to sleep
Then to the mount he'd gently lead the way,
And show where Jesus went to weep and pray,
How willingly He died their souls to save,
To conquer death and lift them from the grave.
The children eager on his accents hung,
Truth fell so simply from the speaker's tongue,
And older heads did listen long and well,
To hear the blessed tidings as they fell
From lips more eloquent than Plato's tongue,
Of whom the ancient Greeks and Romans sung.
I've heard he spoke where men were learned and great,
Among the doctors of the Church and State,
A colporteur, as humble and as mild,
In dress and manners simple as a child,
And that his words fell with such pathos there,
That stony hearts were moved to tears and prayer.
He spoke of God, his own dear hope and trust,
The blessed joys of all the good and just,
How he himself was taught that love to know,
Which Jesus to the sinner doth bestow.
"I have no learning," were the words he said,
"My friends were poor, we worked for daily bread,
To school three months in all I ever went,
But many blessings still to me were lent.
My mother," then, he said with grateful voice,
"Bereft of him, the husband of her choice,

On me, her infant son, bestowed her care,
And knelt with me in humble, fervent prayer.
How oft, her hand placed on my youthful head,
I've felt the burning tears for me she shed,
And now in life's great drama I have part,
Those tears—I feel them trickling on my heart."
These words he spoke with true poetic soul—
Behold the tide of feeling swell and roll,
For oft ambition, wealth, and glory flee,
And leave us children at our mother's knee.





TOTTIE AND THE PIGGIES.

I'LL tell you, children, of the pigs—
Of white pigs, do you think?
Ah, no! indeed! they're Essex pigs,
And black as any ink.

Sweet "Tottie" calls these pigs her own,
She likes to see them run,
And laughs to see them ev'ry day—
She thinks it is good fun!

She talks to them, as down they lie,
All cuddled in a heap:
"O lazy piggies! that you are!
You only eat and sleep!"

She loves to hear the piggies grunt,
But not to hear them squeal,
For then in trembling tone she says,
"How bad the piggies feel!"

"Tottie's" a very *little* girl!
Her eyes are black and merry,
Her cheeks are very plump and round,
Her lips red as a cherry.

She loves the cat and piggies too—
The pigs are growing bigger,
And not so pretty, "Tottie" thinks,
And calls each one a "nigger!"



A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

WATCH over me, O God, to-night,
And keep me in thy care ;
Awake me in the morning light—
O hear my evening pray'r !

Whate'er I've said or done that's wrong,
I pray Thee, Lord, forgive ;
In wisdom's ways may I grow strong,
And in thy favor live.

God bless my friends, I ask Thee still,
Make them thy friends, I pray ;
And in accordance with thy will
Be all they do and say.

O Saviour, bless thy lamb to-night,
And let me safely rest ;
But should I die before 'tis light,
O take me to thy breast.





MY DARLING.

BEHOLD, low bending o'er the tomb,
A mother weeps ;
Beneath the lovely flowerets' bloom,
Her darling sleeps.

Beneath the cold, damp, heavy clod,
Among the dead,
Realms where no living foot hath trod,
Is now her bed.

From the lone cottage there in town,
Where, day by day,
She watched the tireless sun go down
His westward way,

Her smile has gone. No more we see
Her love-lit eye.
We little thought—how could it be
That she must die ?

She loved the birds, the bees, the flowers,
With childish glee ;
But here on earth this pet of ours
No more can be.

The mother, weeping, tells her grief—
 Talks of her child ;
Perhaps it gives a sad relief,
 When reconciled.

“ Whene’r her little busy feet
 Would weary be,
With winning smile she claimed her seat,
 Upon my knee.

“ And when her eye grew dim with pain,
 She clasped my neck,
Kissing me o’er and o’er again,
 To say ‘ I’m sick.’

“ Fondly we nursed the little dove
 Within her nest ;
But she has soared to realms above,
 There takes her rest.

“ On her grave, ’neath the willow tree,
 The stars look down ;
And there the autumn winds rove free
 When leaves are brown.

“ And when the winter snows are there,
 Where she’s lying,
And gently through the chilly air
 The breeze’s sighing,

“ I think how bright in the spring time,
 The germ will burst
From the earth’s warm lap of roses,
 Where it was nursed.

“And so the form of the loved one,
Beautiful here,
Far more beautiful in Heaven
Will there appear.

“And I thank the God who gave her,
Then took my dove,
That she now basks in his glory,
Blest with his love.”





RIDDLE.

MY first is formed of a metal,
By man's artistic skill,
Or, perchance, from a biped pluckéd,
Is subject to his will.

My second leaves a colored trace
Wherever it is found,
And when my third doth give it place,
May scatter blessings round.

My third to you is known full well,
'Tis beautiful and white,
And you may leave an impress there,
To give the spirit light.

My whole combined may give to man
A charm naught else conveys,
A pow'r to harm, a pow'r to bless,
A might that all may praise.

Bright messengers of truth and light,
A mighty trio we,
But evil thoughts may bear in sight,
Nor from detraction flee.

We spread abroad to Adam's race
The gospel pure and free,
And sinners' crooked ways we trace,
That others them may see.

Men's passions oft we rouse to strife,
And foment rage within ;
Yet give him oft the bread of life,
Oft save from woe and sin.

Ye see our pow'r, though feeble now,
Made use of in this lay !
Before our sceptre monarchs bow—
O tell our names, I pray.





THE ORPHAN'S PETITION.

To Thee, O God, I humbly bend
In deep and fervent prayer ;
Thou e'er hast been the orphan's friend,
A refuge in despair.

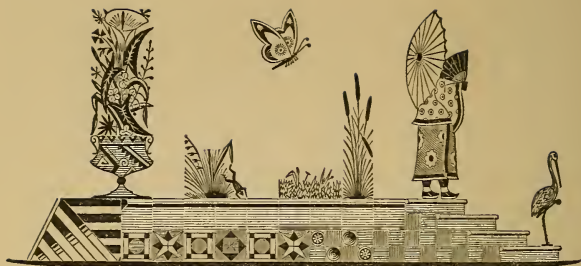
When sickness sore these limbs oppressed,
And none there was to care,
To Thee I flew with aching breast,
And found a solace there.

Tho' in the myst'ries of thy will,
My parents dear I weep,
Thou art my friend, my parent still,
And doth me kindly keep.

Grant me, O God, thy grace, to bear
The world's neglect and scorn,
For none there is my grief to share,
Or soothe me when I mourn.

When I am hungry, weak, and ill,
O give me needed food,
Grant me submission to thy will,
O Source of ev'ry good !

O wilt Thou to my prayer give ear,
And my petition heed?
I ask it through my Saviour dear,
And I'll be blest indeed.

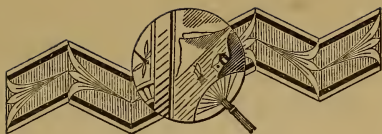


TRUST IN HEAVEN.

How sweet the thought when clouds arise,
And life 'is filled with woe,
And tears fall fast from Sorrow's eyes,
That far above are brighter skies,
Where tears shall never flow.

Ah! when the heart is sorely tried,
Affection's cords are riven,
And one by one drop from our side
The friends we love, and woes betide,
How sweet to trust in Heaven!





CONTENT IN LIFE.

It was a balmy morn in June,—
Beneath an elm tree's shade,
Where flow'rets shed their sweet perfume,
Some lovely children played.

The skies were bright, the children fair,
How beautiful the scene!
Their hearts were light as summer air,
The earth was fresh and green.

The fragrant flowers in garlands twined,
Wreathed in their shining hair,
Stirred by the zephyrs, soft and kind,
Seemed angels breathing there.

Ah! life for them was full of joy,
They knew not of its tears;
'Twas pleasure-crowned, without alloy,
Or thought of coming years.

Who does not love a scene like this?
The happy children see,
To whom naught comes that is amiss,
To mar their jubilee!

Hattie and Mabel, Annie, too,
Composed the sprightly ring;
Blithely as robins there they flew,
Like them to chirp and sing.

“ Pray, Annie, tell me, pretty one,
Which you now think is best,
To live far in the crowded town,
Or fields with verdure drest ? ”

She glanced at me with sunny smile,
Her face was bright and fair—
“ I like to live—’tis joy the while—
I like it—anywhere ! ”

Ah ! proud philosopher, Heaven sent
This lesson wise and true ;
Learn of this child her sweet content—
God gives such life to you.





LITTLE MARY BEE.

“ DOES it get your lesson,
O little Mary Bëe,
To fly in a passion,
At ev’rything you see ?

“ Are you any better
For being out of tune ?
What if came a snow-storm
In pleasant days of June ?

“ Does it make you healthy
To get into a pout ;
To think that all the world,
Has turned the wrong side out ?

“ Does it make you happy
To get in such a mood,
Or make you more lovely,
Or do you any good ?

“ Can you be in earnest
When you make such a rout,
And show such wry faces,
And twist yourself and flout ?

“ Does it make you pretty
To be so cross, and fret?
Is it not a pity
That you are angry yet?

“ Have you seen lips mutter,
Ashamed of what they said?
Eating bread and butter,
Is surely better *bred*!

“ Why do you kick the chair,
And shake your angry head?
Would it not be better,
If you were sent to bed?

“ I wouldn't be so ugly,
Have such a sullen face—
Smiles would make it lovely,
They're prettier than lace.

“ Oh! it is a pity,
That little Mary Bee,
Should be such a sinner,
As ev'ry one can see.

“ The cat—she is playful,
She comes and sings to me;
She is now more lovely
Than angry Mary Bee!

“ Bathe your face in water,
Perhaps 'twill make it cool;—
Who would have a daughter
Behave so like a fool!

Put on a smiling face,—
Don't push your lips and frown,
Then, if you feel better,
Come ride with me to town.

“Now you look much brighter,
That smile I love to see ;
Nevermore be naughty,
O little Mary Bee !”





LESSON TAUGHT BY A CHILD.

Before the fire, in a chair,
Sat an old man dozing there :
His hands were trembling and thin,
His nose almost met his chin,
Teeth were gone, and lips were dry,
Dim and sunken was his eye,
While his brow was marked with care,
And his head was smooth and bare,
Save a few locks, long and white,
Lay, like winter snow, in sight ;
Deep the hollow in his cheek,
And his voice was low and weak,
He was helpless, he was old,
And he felt the winter's cold.
There he sat, and dozed and read,
Sometimes hearing what was said,
And sometimes his cheeks were wet
With his mem'ries and regret,
For his house, built by his hands,
All his goods and herds and lands,
He gave his son, child of love,
Who he hoped would grateful prove.
But the son took home a wife,
Partner of his wealth and life,
Who was worldly, vain and proud,
And her tongue was long and loud.
Children, clusters on the vine,
Soon their arms and hearts entwine

And to feed and clothe them all,
They on "father's" comforts call.
He their frugal board must share,
Stripped of all its dainty fare,
She in costly silks must shine,
Treat her friends to cake and wine.
To her spouse one day she says,
With her witching wiles and ways,
"Some city friends'll be here soon—
I presume they'll come at noon.
We've no place for all to sleep,
Child and servants we must keep.
Father's room is large and new—
Don't you think that room will do?
To the shed room he can go—
Only a few nights you know—"
"Father is feeble, weak and old,
And the nights are very cold"—
"I'll spread blankets on the floor,
Just behind the open door—
That will be so nice and low—
He'll not fall—he totters so!
We'll wrap him in comforts warm,
He'll sleep I'm sure without harm."
Then her spouse a blanket got,
Went unto the lonely spot—
"That's my *niciest* blanket, dear,
Indeed, I can't have it here!"
"But, my dear, 'tis warm and wide,
And will tuck in at the side—"
"Here are quilts—now you can see
This small one as warm will be;"
Then with her old winning laugh,
Said, "that is too large by half!"

Their little boy on the floor
Sat within the open door :
“My knife’ll cut it, pa, in two
And I’ll keep one half for you !”
Think you, the child knew a shade
Of the lesson it conveyed ?
The man, stung with self reproach,
Forbade his wife more t’ encroach.
He, his father gently led
To the old, accustomed bed,
Said with feeling in his tone,
That of late he’d seldom shown,
“As I’d have my son to me,
Will I, my father, be to thee.”





THE SQUIRREL.

AH ! squirrel, how graceful you are,
Using your hands just like a man !
Cracking ripe nuts with your sharp teeth,
And spreading your tail like a fan.

You seem very happy and good,
While you're sitting there on a rail,
But you have sometimes made the fruit
In a well-filled garden to fail !

You look at me, very knowing,
You try very hard to seem wise ;
Your fat cheeks seem to be blowing,
There's fun in your bright, merry eyes

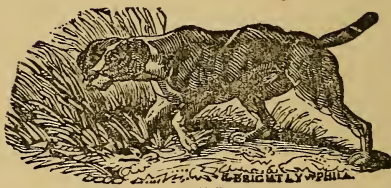
You look at me, I look at you,
Neither, is abashed by the gaze ;
You seem to ask, " What will you do ?"
While I am just watching your ways.

Swift as a bird I see you run,
In and out of the old stone-wall,
Then, up, on the limbs of a tree,
Without ever fearing to fall.

But ah ! what now are you doing ?
A bird's nest with eggs you have found ;
You're eating them there in the tree,
And scatt'ring the shells on the ground.

Oh! you're a strange, cruel sinner,
To scare a poor bird from her nest,
Then take her eggs for your dinner!
I think you are an impudent pest.

So puss may catch you, if she can!
Ah, there you run! Old puss, be spry!
You give a jump—puss catches you—
And now, poor, graceful thing, “good-bye!”





DEATH.—A DIALOGUE.

Sallie.

OH ! who would die in youth's gay gloom,
When life is bright and fair,
Become the tenant of the tomb,
Leave e'en this world of care ?
Low in the grave in darkness lie ?—
Oh ! 'tis a dreadful thing to die !
From dust and worms and foul decay,
The mind of man must shrink away.

Mary.

Oh ! who would live, though youth is bright,
And earthly pleasures lure,
Who for an hour of sweet delight
Would all earth's woes endure ?
Yea ! feel the scorn, the grief, the pride,
That in this sinful world abide ?
Oh, rather to the silent earth,
Give back the dust whence we had birth.

Sallie.

I would not die ! I love the flowers
That deck the fields so fair,
I love the rain in gentle showers,
The pure and fragrant air.
I love the voice of kindred dear—
Ah ! all things bright do bind me here ;
Yea, all things bright, and all things fair,
The goodness of our God declare.

Mary.

Oh ! who would live, though earth is fair,
And flowers do gaily bloom,
Though forms of grace, of beauty rare,
Would lure us from the tomb ?
Fear not the grave, though dark and cold,
The Saviour did its gates unfold,
And all is joy, is bliss above,
And seraphs sing redeeming love.

Sallie.

And is there life beyond the grave,
The grave so still and cold,
Did Jesus die our souls to save,
And shall we him behold ?
O how I long this bliss to taste,
No more I love earth's dreary waste—
O let me die, in darkness lie,
That I may live with God on high !

Maria.

Ah ! I would die, or I would live,
At God's all-wise decree,
Resigned to stay, resigned to go—
He knows what's best for me.
I would not murmur or complain,
Though here I feel both grief and pain,
But look above, where all is bright,
Where saving faith is lost in sight.





OUR LITTLE CAT.

WE have a pretty little cat,
She's spotted, black and white ;
So gracefully she leaps about,
She fills us with delight.

She loves to drink the fresh-drawn milk,
And laps it with her tongue ;
We think her acts more wonderful
Than deeds by Homer sung.

She follows us, just like a dog,
When we go out to play,
And oft she purrs around our feet—
It is the creature's way.

She takes our fingers in her mouth,
But hard she will not bite,
Draws in her sharp and pointed claws,
And plays with all her might.

I've seen her steal along the hedge,
And swiftly grab a mouse,
Then, proud as any conqueror,
She'd bring it to the house.

But ah ! the queerest thing she does,
Is, to our great surprise,
To spring up to the window pane,
And catch the buzzing flies.

She catches them within her paw,
Then lifts it to her lips,
And feeds herself just like a child
With dainty finger-tips.

Her fur is soft, her eyes are bright,
We think her very wise,
To sit there on the window-sill,
And feed herself with flies.

Sometimes, she takes a gentle nap,
Her head upon her paw,
And then the laughing baby goes
And wakes her with a straw.

Come, ye little girls, and see
This cat, we think so nice,
A plaything round our hearth and home,
A terror to the mice.





THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

“She’s dead! my beautiful! my own!
My darling, eldest one!
How soon my dearest hopes have flown—
My brightest joys are gone!

“O Death, how cruel thus to pierce
Her loving, trusting heart!
To tear her from my fond embrace—
Oh! hurl at *me* thy dart.

“What more of anguish can’st thou give?
I now thy power defy—
She’s all for whom I wished to live,
For whom I’d dare to die.

“Now earth to me’s a dreary waste,
’Reft of its sweetest flower—
No more the joys of earth I taste—
Oh! save me from this hour.

“Eda, my darling, dearest child,
Would I could die with thee!
That thou should pass Death’s gate alone,
Is misery to me.

“I loved to dress thy fairy form
In robes my fingers wrought,
To gaze into thy laughing eyes,
So full of love and thought.

“The little toys her friends have sent
To please her infant years—
Ah! never let me see them more—
My eyes they fill with tears.

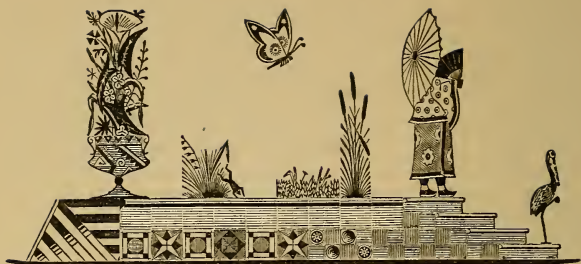
“Her mild blue eyes—I see them still—
Her lips that ever smiled—
O God, what pangs my bosom thrill!
Eda, my child! my child!

“Her little playmates gambol near,
Unconscious of my pain—
I hear their joyous, merry shouts—
My tears break forth like rain.

Oh! can a mother her darling forget?
How deep is the love God’s signet has set!
The Saviour has wept at the gates of the tomb,
When death of a loved one gave sorrow and gloom;
To soothe this deep anguish sin caused us to feel,
He came in his mercy God’s love to reveal;
And now looking upward, in glory I see
A star beaming brightly o’er Eda and thee.
Methinks, from thy lips I hear the sweet prayer,
“To meet her in heaven my spirit prepare.
Although of my eldest, my darling bereft,
Three little ones still and my husband are left,
O Father, I thank thee for blessings still given,
The darkest of sorrows may lead us to Heaven;
I mourn—but still feel, as a mother I’m blest,
My Eda sleeps sweetly on Jesus’ soft breast—
An angel was waiting—he took her above
To bask in the smiles of God’s radiant love;

And when I am called from this earth and its woes,
O may I in Heaven with Eda repose."
How precious did seem this beautiful prayer !
The *mother* still spake but the *Christian* was there,
And tears that flowed freely at sorrow's control,
Were dried by the sunbeam that shone on the
soul.





ENIGMA.

Within a cavern wide and deep,
I live and move, and sometimes sleep!
Within this prison I am bound,
And nowhere else can I be found;
A double guard is ranged before,
And then there shuts a double door;
Thus firmly guarded from without,
I often writhe and twist about,
To free myself do often try,
Do sometimes fret, and sometimes cry.
Where'er you go, I'm sure to be,
In all your woe, in all your glee;
I, in God's praises have a share,
And often lead in public prayer,
But though I shout a Saviour's name,
His boundless love to man proclaim,
I'm still with evil prone to dwell,
And fan the flame that burns in hell!
I tell the truth and tell a lie,
Am bold, deceitful, frank and sly.
I answer freely to your call
In town or country, court or hall,

But though I do your bidding well,
Your secrets I in malice tell,
Ofttimes your friends and foes abuse,
Sometimes I grieve, sometime amuse,
The lover calls me to his aid
When he would win a pretty maid,
And with the dying—I am there
To whisper hope and offer prayer.
I foment rage, and foster strife,
And carelessly embitter life,
Yet never leave my gloomy cell,
Where I in solitude must dwell.





BESSIE LEE.

A LITTLE girl went out to play,
With careless air and wild—
Her life was all a rosy ray,
Her face—it only smiled.

She chased the bees from flow'r to flow'r,
The birds from tree to tree,
And caught the sunshine of each hour,
Happy as bird or bee.

Her merry laugh was heard afar,
Her footsteps here and there,
Her face as bright as beams a star,
As free from grief or care.

Her look was love, her laugh was joy,
E'en were her tears like dew,
They only veiled, could not destroy
The sunshine glit'ring through.

Among her curls the breezes played,
And danced upon her cheek ;
And she with them oft gambols made,
And oft her joy would speak.

She prattled of all pretty things,
Attuned her tongue to song ;
As gayly as a lark she sings,
And knows no harm or wrong.

She thought that life was made for her,
A song of joy to raise,
And so an humble worshipper,
She spoke the Saviour's praise.

"God gave," she said, "the birds and bees,
He made the grass and flowers ;
He tempers to his lambs the breeze,
And sends the gentle showers.

"O mother, how I love," she said,
"To play beside the sea,
For God, the dashing waters made
So bright for you and me.

"O far beneath the circling waves,
The sea-weed's bed of green,
The mermaids in their crystal caves,
Methinks, may oft be seen.

"Here wave on wave rolls on before,
Where all is deep and black ;
The sands are resting on the shore,
Far down the shining track.

"And there are songs within the sea,
Like music from above ;
They come in murmurs low to me—
The melody of love.

"And, mother, oft I think of One,
Who walked the raging tide,
Who stood the crested waves upon,
Though fast the billows glide.

"And from the fishermen He chose
His friends so near and dear,

And with them through the land He goes,
Proclaims salvation near.

“O think you, I can ever be,
As truly free from sin?
Will Jesus’ blood wash even me,
Make me all white within?”

“Then how I ought to love his name,
And his commands obey;
Through faith in Him salvation claim—
The life, the truth, the way.”

Thus prattled oft the happy child,
The artless Bessie Lee,
Who loved the billows, dark and wild,
The music of the sea.

One day she sat upon the shore,
And songs her tongue employ,
Her heart, with love is flowing o’er,—
It is a well of joy,

When sudden rose before her view,
A form so wild and thin,
It seemed what she ne’er dreamed nor knew—
A skeleton of sin!

This mournful, wicked, female face,
Whose life was guilt and woe,
Came near the sweet child’s resting place,
With feeble steps and slow.

Into that childish ear she told
A tale of sin and wrong!
While in her eye, so dim cold,
A tear drop trembled long.

There stood the happy, artless child,
The wretched outcast too,
And from the lips that only smiled,
Sweet words of solace drew.

"You see these withered limbs are old,"
The sinful woman said,
"I have no shelter from the cold—
By charity I'm fed.

"Come, pretty child, and give to me,
What will my wants supply,
For I am filled with misery,
And am afraid to die."

A tear of sympathy now fell
From Bessie's drooping eye;
"You of earth's woe and anguish tell,
But none of it have I.

"I have a little, cottage home,
Myself and mother dear,
Close where the billows dash and foam,
The fisher's hut is near.

"And there we live from day to day,
My mother sews and sings;
The fisher's children with me play—
With joy the seaside rings:

"O come with me, sad woman now,
You shall be happy too!
I'll clothe with smiles your furrowed brow,
And live for ma, and you."

"I'm mean and vile!" the woman said,
"I dare not utter prayer;

I would be coarsely clothed and fed,
But may not enter there.

“Your mother would be vexed, I know,
To see me now with you;
I’m very poor, but dare not go—
Your cottage is in view.”

“My mother on Christ’s mission bent,
Doth feed and love the poor,
She says our blessings are but lent,
And opens wide her door.

“And if poor woman, you are vile,
She’ll try to make you good;
She’ll bless you with her sunny smile,
And give you clothes and food.

“She’ll tell you of the Saviour’s love,
How on the cross he died,
For sinners poor and mean as you,
And many things beside.

“She says she’ll not the wicked spurn,
Nor send one from her door,
Who from his sins will humbly turn,
Repent and sin no more.

“And woman, you must love the Lord,
Who is so great and good;
He gives to man his precious word,
And to the ravens food.

“But if you act a faithless part,
And his sweet love deny,
’Twill only seal your wicked heart,
And you will wretched die.

“But if you now, your sins forsake,
You shall grow wise and good,
And God your heart will joyful make,
And give you angels’ food.

“He on your soul, his grace will shed,
In beams of love divine,
You’ll be on Heav’nly manna fed,
In Jesus’ arms recline.”

Thus to the woman, poor and vile,
Did prattle Bessie Lee;
Sweet Bessie, with her winning smile,
The child that loved the sea.

And o’er that woman, lone and strange,
With eye so dark and dim,
Now, o’er her soul there came a change,
For now she turned to Him,

Who can the vilest sinner bless,
That calls upon his name,
Take from his soul its deep distress,
And wipe away his shame.

And in the cottage home of one,
Where love is all its wealth,
That woman lay at set of sun,
And peaceful slept in death.

If in the Saviour’s jeweled crown,
She, a bright star shall be,
I’m sure its rays will shine upon
The face of Bessie Lee.

God bless thee! Bessie, happy child!
A ray of sunshine given,

A flower upon a desert wild,
A messenger of Heaven.

The children all, who love the Lord,
Are kind to all they meet,
And thus may bring a sinful one,
Unto the Saviour's feet.

Thus weary hearts were oft beguiled,
By happy Bessie Lee,
Who loved—the winning, artless child,
The music of the sea.





LITTLE WALTER.

WE have a little boy, a child just three years old—
Ah! you need not count your treasures, your lands
and gold,

If you should heap them all into a lofty pile,
It could never purchase the sunshine of his smile.

This little boy's the source of many hopes and fears,
O may he grow in wisdom, as he grows in years;
Of all things beautiful, so precious and so rare,
He's the best and sweetest, the brightest and most fair.

He gladdens hearth and homestead with his cunning
ways—

He's a little angel to show our Father's praise!
He is, to us a comfort, he makes sweet our mirth,
And seems to scatter sunshine over all the earth!

We're grateful that the children, full of grace and love,
Are sparks of the glory that shines so bright above;
Thanks, O God, for Walter, the sunbeam of our home,
Who in thy watchful care so cheerily doth roam.

I know a house and home, as bright as any gold,
Only it has no little boy, just three years old!
Oh! if by Walter's grave, our eyes should e'er grow
dim,
Then, Father, comfort us, for what we'd lose in him.



MORNING.

LET's up, and be doing,
The morning is bright,
We hail it with rapture,
With sweetest delight.

The east is all dazzling
With azure and gold,
The roses are fragrant,
And sweet to behold.

The sunlight is playing
On tree-top and hill,
And dew-drops are shining
Beside the dark rill.

The birds carol sweetly
To hail the new Spring,
And "May-day is coming,"
'The school-children sing.

How bright is the morning,
How golden its hours !
All nature is glowing
With sunshine and flow'rs.

Let's up, and be doing,
The dark night is past,
Cast breads on the waters,
'Twill come back at last.

Let's up, and be doing,
The morning will fade,
The sunshine departing,
Will leave but the shade.

Let's up, and be doing,
That twilight may come
And find us all ready—
We'll joyful go home.

Let's up, and be doing,
The dark night is near,
The sunlight will vanish,
Death's river appear.

Let's up, and be doing,
Ere light fades away,
The dark night is coming,
O work while there's day.

Let's up, and be doing,
That when the night's past,
On Jesus' arm leaning,
We waken at last.

The sunlight is gleaming
In mansions above,
The home of our dear ones,
And God who is love.





LINES FOR A FRIEND.

SHALL I wish thy life may ever be,
Like the deep, blue, calm and tranquil sea,
When not a wave on its bosom plays
And it glistens in the sun's pure rays?
Shall I wish thy years may gently glide,
As smoothly flow as the ebbing tide,
That thou mayst no pain or sorrow know;
While journeying through this world of woe?

No! vain were the wish, and vain the thought,
That none of thy days with grief be fraught!
It were not meet in a world like this,
That thy cup be filled with perfect bliss:
Here sorrow and joy go hand in hand,
And I would not break the mystic band,
So the boon, my friend, I crave for thee,
Is, as thy day, so thy strength may be.





MY COCKATOO.

“I have a large and pretty bird,
With feathers very white;
His beak and claws are bluish grey,
His eyes are black and bright.

“The deepest orange lines his crest,
His wings and tail beside,
It tinges too his rounded breast—
He is my pet and pride.

“He calls me ‘mother,’ darling one!
And catches ev’ry word,
He may have heard beneath the sun—
The dear and lovely bird!

“He’ll whistle oft a pretty tune,
And cackle like a hen,
He’ll sing as sweet in March as June,
And solemn say ‘Amen!’

“Oft when I take him for a walk,
He’s pleased as he can be;
He sees and hears what’s on the way,
And tells it all to me.

“Ah! ‘pretty Poll,’ he calls himself,
And sweetly says ‘Good bye;’
‘Mother!’ he calls, and coos to me,
Whene’er I laugh or sigh.

“He'll bark just like a poodle dog,
Will like a kitten mew;
To strangers he is sometimes pert,
And cries out, ‘Who are you?’

“At ‘Punch and Judy’ he will play,
And raise his feathers high,
He'll tell the children, ‘Get away!’
And like an infant cry.

“Whene'er I put my bonnet on,
He calls aloud to me,
‘Mother, take Poll out for a walk,
He's tired as he can be.’

“He'll listen to Canary's song,
Then warble it as sweet
As if God made the tune for him,
To make his joy complete.

“When morning comes, and all is still,
To me he loudly cries,
‘Mother! 'tis four o'clock! get up!
I think it's time to rise.’

“Ah, should I lose this darling bird,
I'd weep as for a child;
For ‘pretty Poll’ is always near
To cheer earth's dreary wild.

“Oh! who can have so hard a heart,
Or be so stern, austere,
That he can murmur at my pet,
Or at his voice so clear?

“Or who that knows my precious bird,
And sees Jehovah’s plan,
Can fail to praise the Mighty One,
Who loves the birds, and man?”





JOHNNIE AT TABLE.

“O mama, give me some of that!”
Said little Johnnie Dean,
Pointing his chubby finger out,
To where a dish was seen.

Young Johnnie at the table sat,
Raised in a chair so high,
The many dishes steaming there,
Were all beneath his eye.

“Be still! while I the coffee pour,
And put your finger down;”
But being still, John did not like—
He had impatient grown.

“I want some ‘taters,’ mother dear!”
To reach the dish he tried,—
“Be still, or leave the table John!”—
Then loud he screamed and cried.

“You must, my child, behave yourself!—
Bridget, come here, I say!
We do not want this naughty boy,
Go, take him now away.”

“No! Bridget, don’t! I will not go!
Mama I will be still,
If you will let me stay with you,—
I will! indeed, I will!”

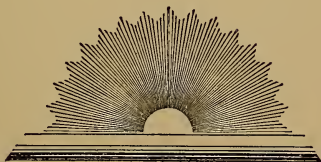
So John, a moment quiet was,
He asked for coffee too,
And when his mother gave him some,
Then down the cup he threw.

“See! Johnnie! Johnnie! what you’ve done!”
The anxious mother said,
And when her naughty son looked up,
She gravely shook her head.

“Go! Bridget, bring another cup—
He’s cross as he can be!”
He dashed that too aside, and said,
“O Nonnie! Nonnie! see!”

He shook his head with cunning air,—
His mother saw, and smiled;
Thus she encouraged him, and spoiled
Her darling, only child.

She should such wanton mischief check,
Ere Johnnie older grow,
Or he will be a reckless lad,
And disobedient too.





MY BIBLE.

This is the Christian's precious guide,
The book he loves to read,
It doth his future state decide,
From sin and error freed.

It tells of God—his boundless love,
Of Christ who died to save,
It tells us of immortal joys
Beyond the gloomy grave.

It tells likewise of Adam's fall,
Of Christ's atonement too,
His precious blood was spilt for all,
The Gentile and the Jew.

O may I e'er this bible own,
And all its rules obey ;
O may I love its truths made known,
And walk in wisdom's way.





THE FIRST PAIR OF BOOTS.

“O see my boots ! I walk like pa ;
I’m surely now a man !
Sis, do you hear my iron heels ?
Now trip me, if you can !”

So saying, Tommie struts about,
Stretches himself quite tall ;
He ne’er before so rapid grew,
Since he was very small.

“Here ! see my boots !” he loudly cries,
To every one he sees ;
And, looking down, he pulls the straps
Up nearly to his knees.

“Why do you tuck your pants within ?”
Cries Jennie in surprise ;
“How can you think yourself a man
In such a strange disguise ?

“Papa, I’m sure, ne’er looked like that !
Like such a boorish clown !
With noisy boots, it seems to me
That you have vulgar grown.”

Still Tommie danced about the floor,
And balanced on his toes,
Till suddenly he slipped along,
And fell upon his nose.

But up he jumped, determined yet,
To be a little man,
And so he never cried at all,
Which was the better plan.

And now he daily walks in boots,
So happy he appears,
I doubt if life more pleasure gives,
In all the coming years.





“IT RAINS.”

“It rains ! it rains ! oh dear ! oh dear !
Why does it rain to-day ?
For now I cannot go to see
Dear little Ellen Gray.

“It seems to me, it always rains
When I would see a friend !
The clouds are very dense and black—
I wish the day would end.

“It is too bad ! I stay at home,
Till I am weary quite !
Oh ! do you think ’t will clear away—
The skies again be bright ?

“And yet it is too late for me
To have a nice, long play—
How I do hate the ugly rain,
That ’s falling down to-day ?”

“We all have trials, daughter dear,
And this is one to you ;
Life’s lessons you must patient learn,
Skies are not always blue.”

“Mama, I so much wished to go,
And hoped the day ’d be bright;
And now the ugly rain has come—
I cannot bear the sight!”

Then Sallie lifted up her hands,
And hid her face once more,
Sobbing as if her heart would break,
Her trouble was so sore.

“Come, daughter, dry your cheeks and eyes,
And when you’re by my knee,
I’ll talk to you a little while,
And hope your smile to see.

“My little girl must hush her grief,
And never more complain,
That God, who knows whate’er is best,
To-day has sent the rain.

“It often thaws the frozen ground,
And melts the winter snow;
It makes the grass grow green and tall,
The buds to swell and grow.

“It is the rain and sunshine too,
That brings to us the flowers;
God knoweth what ’tis best to do—
He sends the April showers.

“And when the earth is parched and dry,
He sends the needed rain,
That it may yield a golden store
Of ripened fruit and grain.

"And all his creatures, everywhere,
Are by his bounty fed ;
He hears the ravens when they cry,
And gives to us our bread.

"Then let us praise the Holy One,
Who sends the pleasant rain,
And in his wisdom gives to man,
Alternate joy and pain.



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